THE APPARITION; OR, THE GENIUS OF IRELAND:

Complaining of

Her Present Misery,

AND

Imploring Speedy RELIEF FROM

ENGLAND.

Dedicated to Duke *SCHOMBERG.*

Written by *EDM. ARWAKER.*

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His EXCELLENCY

Duke Frederick,

MARESCHAL de SCHOMBERG,

General of His Majeſties Army, and Knight of the Moſt Noble Order of the Garter.

GREAT SIR,

TO whom can this Complaint, made by the Genius of Ireland, *be ſo juſtly Dedicated, as to that General, on whom Her Eyes are fix'd, as deſign'd to be Her Glorious Deliverer? Whoſe long Celebrated Name gives her joyful Expectations, ev'n in the midſt of Sufferings, and encourages Her to an extraordinary Reſolution, by an aſſurance of being ſpeedily Reliev'd, or nobly Reveng'd?*

And indeed, it is her Happineſs that ſhe cannot preſume too much upon that Patronage; a Patronage that will amply ſatisfie the largeſt Hopes ſhe can conceive from it, as well as give occaſion to that Prince, who (intending the total Extirpation of the Proteſtant Religion from his Dominions) Exil'd the greateſt Supporter

of his Throne and That; to repent his rash Ingratitude, when he finds that Religion Establish'd in another Country, by the very means he used to Banish it his own; and sees the Moses *whom he Expell'd his Court, Rais'd up to deliver* Israel.

Nor do we expect less than Miracles from that Hand, since we know them familiar to It; and that as there is nothing so difficult which It dares not undertake, so there is nothing It undertakes, which it does not accomplish.

'Tis therefore, Mighty Sir, because you have been a Prince of Wonders, that we depend on You for that of Ireland's *Preservation, and 'tis that Dependance occasions you the trouble of this Address.*

Pardon then, my Lord, this Effect of your own fam'd Merit, as readily as you face the Dangers to which it now exposes you; And as you cannot be displeas'd with that deserv'd Esteem which renders You our Choice and Option for this hazardous Enterprise, so let it not be less grateful that it brings these poor Endeavours to the Shelter of your Illustrious Name; which because it gives Security to all who are happy in its Protection, makes every one its ambitious Suppliant: In which Throng, may it please your Excellency to admit,

My LORD,

The Humblest and most

Obedient of your Servants,

Edm. Arwaker.

THE

Apparition.

IT was a Diſmal and Tempeſtuous Night,
Heav'ns Glorious Lamps withdrew their Light,
As if it ſelf did of ſome Loſs Complain;
While Sable Clouds wept Show'rs of Rain,
And mourning Winds did in loud Sighs Lament,
And to each frightned Ear proclaim their Diſcontent;
When in the heighth of all the Noiſe,
A wretched Swain, by weighty Cares oppreſs'd,
(Cares, the ſworn Enemies of Reſt,
Which o're his Bed did Centry keep,
And from his Eyes ſtill baniſh'd Sleep
And Quiet from his Breaſt;)
Diſtinguiſh'd ſomething like a Humane Voice,
That did in broken Accents make ſad Moan;
And with ſuch moving Reth'rick vent its Grief;
As call'd his Pity, to neglect his own,
And give thoſe louder Sorrows quick Relief.

[2]

Scarce had his Eye beſtow'd one circling Glance
In ſearch of what it was employ'd to find,
When the ſought Object did advance;
A Matron ſo divinely Fair,
It ſeem'd that Nature did collect in Her
All Graces ſcatter'd thro' the Female-kind:
Her Eyes, amidſt her Tears, were dazling bright,
Ev'n that Eclipſe could not conceal their Light;
And, tho' with weighty Grief oppreſs'd,
She mov'd with Charming and Majeſtick Meen,
In nothing leſſen'd, tho' diſtreſs'd,
But ſtill a Beauty, ſtill a Queen.
The Crown that once did her rais'd Head adorn,
Now tottering on it ſtood;
Its richeſt Jewels from their places torn,
By Hands unmanly Rude;
By Hands ſo Barbarous, they did not ſpare
The lovely Treſſes of her Golden Hair;
And ſtrove with equal Sacriledge t'erace
The Sacred Lines of Beauty in her Face,
But thoſe indelibly were Printed there.
Her right Hand held a Golden Lyre,
On which ſhe oft ſuch Charming Airs had play'd
As made thoſe very Savages admire
That did her this Inhumane Wrong;
But by their Rage, alas! unſtrung.
The uſeleſs Inſtrument with ſad neglect ſhe bears,
No more it lays her Grief, nor lightens more her Cares.

The

[3]

The Swain, who well did that fam'd Enſign know
To be the ſame by fair *Juverna* born ;
Surpriz'd to find both alter'd ſo,
The Lyre now robb'd of that Harmonious Voice
Which often to each penſive Heart
Did ſimpathetick Melody impart ;
And that Great Queen, to whoſe Luxuriant Court
Crouds of Admirers did reſort
To revel in its Joys,
Now Unattended and Forlorn :
As well as ſudden Paſſion would allow,
Deſir'd the reaſon of this Change to know.
To whoſe Requeſt the eaſie Queen conſents,
And ſadly thus her teeming Sorrow vents.

[4]

Five Luſters of ſoft Peace had bleſs'd my Plains,
Thro' the kind influence of *Evander*'s Reign,
My Ruins, by Inteſtine Wars,
Were by his healing Hand ſo well repair'd,
I had almoſt outworn the Scars ;
Now no Allarms, but Shouts of Joy, I heard.
Each Seaſon did its proper Product yield,
The loaden Trees their timely Burthens bear ;
And Heav'n ſuch Fatneſs drop'd on ev'ry Field,
That Golden Plenty Crown'd the happy Year.

My Savage Natives happily ſubdu'd,
These Bleſſings learn'd to uſe,
Bleſſings which heretofore they did abuſe,
Becauſe not underſtood;
Thus by their Conqu'rors taught how Well to live;
They love the Hands whence they the Good receive;
Advanc'd by their Subjection, more
Than by their boaſted Liberty before.

[5]

Now, to compleat my Bliſs, my fav'ring Lord
Did lov'd *Barzillai* to improve me ſend;
Barzillai, who beſt knew to wield my Sword,
The King's, the Souldier's, and the Muſes Friend:
His Inſtances of Loyalty
So many, dangerous, and great,
All muſt Admire, but few can Imitate:
No brave Deſert ſcap'd his diſcerning Eye;
And as none better did adviſe,
None ſooner undertake a Glorious Enterpriſe,
So none was Nobler to Reward than He.
For he of Merit had too juſt a Senſe
To let it want due Recompenſe;
Injurious to Himſelf alone,
In not deſigning any for his Own.
Nor was the Gown leſs than the Sword his Care,
Nor wanted large Encouragements;
Who e're did ſweat in Learning's ſteep Aſcents,
Met high Preferment, worth their Labour, there.
Thus he ſupply'd the Bench and Bar,

And

And did the Church on ſuch firm Pillars rear,
That time no more the Structure ſhall impair.

[6]

But oh! ſuch Bleſſings were too great to laſt!
Heav'n call'd *Evander* to a nobler Reign,
Heaven for his Preſence was in haſte;
With Prayers and Tears I begg'd his ſtay in vain!
The Sentence was irrevocably paſt.
His Throne *Philotheus* next aſcends,
Philotheus juſtly Honour'd and Rever'd:
No Prince had ever Subjects more his Friends,
None more, by thoſe who lov'd him not, was fear'd:
But ſoon he loſt their Love and Awe,
Expos'd, thro' Goodneſs, to abuſe,
By Vipers cheriſh'd in his Breaſt;
Who Eager and Impatient grown,
Broke thro' the Sacred Fences of the Law,
The chief Supporters of a Monarch's Throne,
Ruin'd his Intereſt, to promote their own;
And of his Favour made a Fatal Uſe,
Their Superſtitious Rites to introduce,
Rites, Heav'n, and all the Friends of Heav'n deteſt.
Unhappy Prince! who by thy Peoples Crime
Wert a young Exile forc'd abroad,
To be infected in a foreign Clime
With a falſe Worſhip of the One True God!
Which makes thy Empire bear ſo ſhort a date,
Yet moves our Pity only for thy Fate.

'Twere

[7]

'Twere endleſs to rehearſe
The means by which *Philotheus* was miſled,
May they who brought the Miſchiefs on his Head,
Condemn'd to be eternal Wanderers,
Their Treachery deplore,
And try the ſad Experiment no more;
While of the Evils by their Counſels done
I only mention what my Realm has known.
On me the firſt Eſſay they make;
Believing I th'Infection firſt would take,
Since thro' my Fields it long has ſpread,
The only Venom in them bred:
In favour of this curs'd Deſign,
All Means, all Stratagems they try,
But They and Hell in vain combine,
Their black Contrivances I ſtill defie,
Till they by one pernicious Wile ſucceed,
And as the moſt prevailing way indeed
To work my certain Fall,
They good *Barzillai* from my Helm recall.

[8]

Not all the ſoothing Flatteries they us'd
To ſtill my Plaints, and lull my Fears aſleep,
Not ev'n the next Beſt Man they could provide
To be my Guardian and my Guide,
Cou'd make me ceaſe to Weep; But

But ſtill all hated Comfort I refuſe.
Nor let the World my juſt Reſentment blame,
Nor thou, Great *Celadon*, my Grief accuſe,
Since I enjoy'd in Thee
Bleſſings ſoon thought too Good, too Great for me;
Yet cou'd not then forbear
For dear *Barzillai's* loſs to ſhed a Tear,
The meaneſt Tribute due to his lov'd Name.
But ſince, alas! he is no more,
No Mourning can ſuffice,
Nor I enough my hapleſs Fate deplore,
With all the exhauſted Treaſure of mine Eyes.

[9]

Barzillai now and *Celadon* remov'd,
My Lovers both, and both deſerv'dly Lov'd,
Shiſanthropus next fills the Place,
The Hater and Abhor'd of Humane Race.
Soon all the bleſs'd Advances I had made
In the right way of True Religion,
The forward ſteps I had in Learning gone,
And Civil Education,
Were all by him turn'd Retrograde.
Born in the wildeſt Deſarts of my Land,
Where nothing does frequent but Beaſts of Prey,
Or Men more Barbarous than they;
Where deepeſt Boggs and thickeſt Woods agree
To ſhelter Inhumanity;

In

In their Confuſion he delights,
All Decency and Order ſlights,
And hates whatever Good he does not underſtand.

[10]

Now his Ambition fledg'd with Pow'r,
Removes whatever does his Riſe oppoſe,
Evander's Friends he ſoon pronounces Foes;
Ev'n thoſe who ſerv'd him in his Wars,
Scarce for more Pay than Honourable Scars;
This Tyrant will allow to wear no more
The Swords they had with Glory us'd before;
By him of their Commands depriv'd,
The little All on which they barely liv'd,
They are oblig'd to Foreign Shores to roam,
To earn the Bread they were deny'd at home.
The Sword thus wreſted from their Conquerour's Hands,
My Natives ſoon reject their Laws,
Nor more Obedience pay to their Commands;
To their firſt Wildneſs th'unaw'd Beaſts return,
And ſhew their long hid Teeth and Claws,
And now the ſettled Government they ſcorn;
The ſettled Government o'rethrown,
They raiſe a *Babel* of their own,
O may it end in like Confuſion!

Now

[11]

Now to my Chief Preferments they advance
Men of Mean Rank and Senſe,
Ev'n Prodigies of Ignorance;
While thoſe of more Intelligence
Are laid aſide, only for that Offence.
My Arms, a dangerous Truſt
In Hands that cannot Wiſely manage it,
To ſuch they fooliſhly commit;
Strangers to Honour's nicer Laws,
Whoſe Swords are eaten with Ignoble Ruſt,
Or baſely ſtain'd in ſome Inglorious Cauſe.
To theſe their Unarm'd Conquerours Lives
Defenceleſs are expos'd;
Beneath their Sacrificing Knives
The Victims proſtrate lye expecting Death.
And thou, Omniſcient Heaven, doſt only know
How ſoon, alas! unleſs in time oppos'd,
Thoſe Bloody Hands may ſtrike the Fatal Blow,
To end at once their Suff'rings and their Breath.
But this kind Fate they fear will be deny'd,
Afraid of Tortures yet in ſtore,
Since they by ſad Experience try'd
How Cruel e'en their Mercies were before.

[12]

The Sacred Temples of my God,
Wherein my People True Devotion pay'd,
The Places bleſs'd with his Abode,
To hear and grant the Prayers they made;
Partake their Rage and Spight;
Theſe by baſe uſes they prophane;
And Beaſts the beauteous Courts defile,
Wherein Angelick Choirs did not diſdain
To view our Sacrifices with delight,
And often would on our Oblations ſmile.
But now, Polluted by this Diſreſpect,
Theſe Seats the Heav'nly Gueſts reject,
And grieve to be Spectators of their Fate,
Which an Abuſe ſo vile,
Or a more odious Worſhip deſecrate.

[13]

No more th'Ambaſſadors of Heav'n,
The bleſs'd Diſpenſers of its Sacred Word,
That taught us how to Fear and Praiſe the Lord,
Their Preſence here afford;
To Shores remote, and diſtant Countries driven:
Or if ſome few remain behind,
Penſive and drooping all the day they go,
Partakers of the Common Woe;
The Churches Ruine ſtill afflicts their mind:

The

The *Hebrew* Captives ſo,
As on *Euphrates*'s Banks they ſate,
Wept at the ſad remembrance of loſt *Sion*'s Fate.

[14]

The Seat where Learning once did pleas'd reſide,
And every day ſome fair Improvement made,
Whence all my Kingdom was ſupply'd,
With Men of Worth and Fame,
Whoſe Labours have Immortaliz'd my Name;
Ev'n this an Ignorant, Idle Crew invade;
This pleaſant Hive, wherein I us'd to ſee
Each one, reſembling the Induſtrious Bee,
Store loads of gather'd Honey up,
To make choice Nectar for *Apollo*'s Cup;
Is now poſſeſs'd by Drones of lazie kind,
That ne'er increaſe, but waſte the Stock they find.

[15]

My well Manur'd and Fertile Soil,
Alas! neglected and untill'd,
No Proſpect does of a kind Harveſt yield;
The lofty Trees that did it once ſurround,
Hewn down, and level'd with the Ground,
No longer do its Fate prevent,
No longer are its Guard or Ornament;
Themſelves, like that, become a common Spoil.

From this ſad Source my Tears proceed,
At this I inward bleed;
Nor can I hope to ſtanch the flowing ſtream,
Unleſs by *Albion*'s timely Aid,
Whoſe healing Virtue on the like extream
I did ſucceſsfully implore;
Nor left I then her Services unpay'd,
And ſhe ſhall find, would ſhe but try once more,
I have as good, as great Rewards in ſtore.

[16]

Scarce had her Lips their motion ceas'd,
Scarce the light Winds had bore away the ſound,
When thouſand Trumpets there were heard,
And Shouts of Triumph fill'd the Air around,
Shouts, which approaching Joy expreſs'd;
And ſtraight with Conqu'ring Laurel Crown'd,
The Bright Victorious *Albion*'s ſelf appear'd.
Rais'd by Reſentment of her Siſter's wrong,
A threatning Cloud hung on her angry Brow,
Ready to be diſcharg'd upon her Foes;
And yet a kind enliv'ning ſmile broke thro',
To eaſe the Suff'rer's Woes,
Reſolv'd ſhe ſhou'd not bear the Burthen long.
With an impatient Haſte
This pitying Queen her weeping Friend embrac'd,
Who proſtrate at her Feet, implor'd Relief;
And that kind Ceremony paſs'd,
Apply'd this healing Balſam to her Grief.

Dry,

Dry, my belov'd *Juverna*, dry thoſe Tears
Injurious to your lovely Eyes;
In all thy Griefs thy *Albion* ſhares,
In all thy Woes does ſimpathiſe,
Thy juſt Complaints with deep regret ſhe hears,
And ſwift Revenge has vow'd:
See, how in pity of thy Harms,
Her vig'rous Youth, rouz'd by thy ſad Alarms,
To thy aſſiſtance croud,
And for thy Safety, laviſh of their Blood,
Reſolve to quell thy Foes, or periſh by their Arms.

[17]

Nor is the *Britiſh* Virtue ſure unknown
To that Rebellious Crew,
Nor can they ſure forget how heretofore
At my ſhrill Trumpet's ſound amaz'd they fled,
How by my Sword's keen Edge they bled;
And dare they tempt my Vengeance any more?
If by my fav'ring Aid alone
Thou didſt the Treach'rous Race ſubdue,
How are they able to withſtand thee now?
When to the Pow'r I for thy help deſign,
Thou doſt a ſecond joyn,
A brave Enforcement of thine own?
Leaders alike Magnanimous and Wiſe,
Who nobly will thy Right diſpute,
And what they Prudently adviſe,
As boldly execute.

But

But meanly I their Merits praiſe;
The greateſt Trophies to themſelves they raiſe;
Each has obtain'd a celebrated Name,
That fills large room in the Records of Fame.

[18]

To theſe I mean to add one Hero more,
An Inſtance of my tend'reſt Care;
A Jewel brought me from a Foreign Shore,
Neſtor Renown'd in War,
Neſtor, who Young made Victory his Bride,
And She, ſtill Faithful to her Lord,
So long has waited by his Side,
Made Conqueſt ſo familiar to his Sword,
That now he claims it for his Own,
By undeniable Preſcription.
He, once the *Gallick* Monarch's boaſt,
And Bulwark of the *Luſitanian* Coaſt,
Now from both faithleſs Soils Exil'd;
Thoſe faithleſs Soils unworthy ſuch a Store,
Whoſe loſs has made them poor!
While for the Crime they juſtly are revil'd,
A Crime, his Merits ſtill upbraid;
He ſhall conduct my Armies to thy Aid.
He bravely will engage in thy Defence;
For none can have a juſter Senſe
Of thy unhappy Exigence,

Of

Of all the Mis'ries thou haſt undergone,
Of all thy Loſſes for Religion;
Since, in the Throng of her Admirers, none
Has for her Glorious Cauſe Perform'd or Suffer'd more.

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